

Weaving the Web, part 6: Anti-Venom

Dreamt on: August 3-7, 17-19, 2011

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Essah held the fox as it cried, cradling it close, letting it cry itself out...
...and shedding her own tears as well.

I won't leave you alone, I promise, she thought. I will be here for you.

Slowly, she felt the fox stir...and eased herself away from the fox.

It sniffled, fur soaked with tears...then looked up at her.

She smiled at it...then wiped at its eyes with her paw.

"I think...you should take today off," she said, softly.

The fox blinked...then slowly nodded.

"Yeah...after all that, I don't think I could work," Tara said...then froze, eyes wide.

Essah stared at it for a bit as it hung its head...

...then it clicked.

She thinks I'm going to punish her again.

...

I swallowed, still waiting for the impending punishment for speaking out of turn.

Crap...I'm gonna get...

"No."

I blinked, startled, my ears going upright.

"No more punishments."

My head shot up of its own accord, looking at Essah.

She scowled at me.

"No more punishments...and no more domination," she stated.

"B-B-B-but..." I stammered, stunned.

She looked at me...and slowly forced herself up.

"I...I don't understand..." I began.

Essah walked over to the bed...and I slowly got up, heels clicking on the floor.

...

Essah sat on the bed, hanging her head.

"I can't do it anymore..." she said...then rubbed at her eyes. "I've broken every rule a *domme* should follow..."

"You mean 'Safe, Sane and Consensual'?"

Her eyes shot wide-open...and she spun around to look at the fox, who sat next to her.

It looked at her...then flashed a sly smile.

"I didn't just crawl out from under a rock, Essah," Tara said. "I know a bit about 'the scene'."

The fox looked away, sighing.

"In fact, my last boyfriend was into all that stuff," it went on. "I'm not a big fan of

it...but I tried a few things."

Essah looked, as the fox smiled.

"That's why the suits are in there," Tara said. "I found that I like being completely covered...but one thing that he liked was when I dressed up for him."

The fox flopped back onto the bed, still smiling.

"He loved for me to wear feminine things around him...and I liked doing it too," the fox said.

Essah slowly laid down next to the fox.

"So...is that why you have a maid's uniform in the closet?" she asked.

The fox nodded...then sighed.

"Yeah...the only thing I kept from those days. He took everything else," the fox said somberly.

Essah frowned at the furrows that appeared in the fox's headfur.

"What happened...between you two?" she asked, softly.

The fox sighed, tilting her head back.

"Same thing that's happened my whole life," it replied. "He left to be with a real girl."

The fox turned to her...and Essah saw the years of rejection carved into the fox's face.

"Same old story, my whole life," the fox went on. "All the girls leave to be with a real man...all the guys leave to be with a real girl."

The fox turned away from her, letting out a soft, derisive chuckle.

"Story of my life..." the fox said softly.

Essah sighed...and rolled onto her back.

"Can we..." she began...then sat up.

...

"Can we...start over?"

I blinked, looking up at the wolf.

She was hunched over, sitting at the foot of the bed...head down, ears flat.

I slowly eased myself into a sitting position, wincing at the dull pain in my rear...and sat next to her.

"I...I really don't know," I said.

I felt her look at me.

"I mean...this week has been...well, it's been fucking extreme," I went on. "A lot of shit's happened...and that isn't exactly going to go away..."

I sighed...then looked at her.

She was pensive, her ears flat...almost like she was still expecting the cops to break in at any second.

"I think...we can try, though," I said. "Build on the good...learn from the bad..."

I watched her face, trying to gauge her reaction...

...and I was oddly pleased when she smiled.

"I think...I know how we can start," she said.

She slowly got up...and turned to look at me.

"You'll have to take today off of work, though," she went on.

I blinked, puzzled. "Ummm...why?"

I watched...as Essah blushed, her ears going flat.

"So...I can make up for how I treated you...before..." she said, softly.

I slowly got up, heels clicking on the floor...and Essah smiled.

"And I know exactly how to start," she said, helping me sit back down.

"Wait...what..." I stammered...then watched...

...as Essah removed the padlocks from the heels I was wearing.

"There...no need for those anymore," Essah said, easily palming both padlocks in one paw.

I looked at the tiny padlocks...and shrugged.

"I guess...hope the shoes stay on now, though," I said...then smirked.

She chuckled and fuzzled my head, causing me to squeak.

"Now...how about we get that corset off?" she said, reaching for the zipper...

...and blinking, as I moved her paws away.

"I think it should stay for a bit," I said.

She looked up at me, her left ear twitching.

"Work knows I'm in a back brace for a bit," I went on. "Be kinda weird if it just disappeared suddenly..."

I paused...then rubbed my chin.

"...but...it could come off tomorrow," I continued. "I can just say I went to the doc and he cleared me to be brace-free."

Essah slowly smiled...and gave my paws a gentle squeeze.

"Clever girl," she said approvingly...

...the swiped my panties, still smiling.

"These DO need to go though," Essah commented.

"I'm not going pantiless!" I squeaked...then caught myself...and blushed deeply.

She chuckled...and fuzzled my head again.

"I'll pick out a good pair for you...and get you a pad," she said.

I nodded...staring at my feet, embarrassed.

"Thanks..." I said softly.

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(10: 05 AM)

...

Essah parked the car in the space, then looked to the passenger seat.

Tara sat there, clad in a green long-sleeved tee and black jeans...looking at the mall.

Essah gently rested a paw on the vixen's leg...and it looked at her.

"Ready?" the wolf-spideress asked.

Tara nodded, smiling.

"I'm always ready to shop," she replied, then grinned. "You should know that by

now."

Essah laughed, taking the keys out of the ignition...

...then handing them to the fox.

It blinked, puzzled.

"Those are yours...not mine," Essah stated. "You should hold onto them."

The fox blinked...

...then Essah blinked...as the fox passed the keys back to her.

"I...don't mind..." Tara said...then smiled. "I kinda like being chauffeured around.

Less stressful for me."

Essah chuckled, fuzzing the fox's head again, making it squeal.

...

(an hour later)

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"Umm...Essah?"

She looked at me...and I blushed.

"I...uhh....I have to...." I trailed off, blushing very deeply.

She leaned in close, towering over me...and I shrank on reflex.

"What's wrong, dear?" she asked gently.

I blushed even deeper.

"I...I have to pee..." I said softly.

"So? Go use the women's room," Essah replied.

I felt my ears actually try to invert themselves.

"I...I've never been....in there..." I whispered, feeling ashamed.

"Never?" she asked.

I shook my head, feeling very ashamed.

"Okay...let's go."

My eyes shot open...and I followed Essah to the women's room door...

...and I froze, terrified.

They'll know! They'll know I'm a guy! They'll call the cops! They'll beat me up!

They'll...

Essah grabbed my arm and pulled me inside...

...and I shut my eyes, purely on reflex, my need to pee completely forgotten and overwhelmed by my fear.

"Open your eyes. No one's in here."

Slowly, I eased my eyes open...and blinked.

It looked just like the men's room...only without the urinals...and quite a bit cleaner.

"Glad we're here early...would've been hard to explain why you had to be dragged into the bathroom," Essah said, looking at me.

I blushed, feeling very ashamed...then slithered into the first stall.

I heard the sink run for a bit...and focused on my own needs.

I placed a seat liner on the seat...sat down...slid back a bit, raising my legs and

hips a bit to help the urine flow into the bowl...and shut my eyes.

I felt the warm liquid begin to flow out of me, hitting the very back of the bowl due to the chastity device...and sighed deeply.

"Do you need help in there?" Essah asked from outside.

I shook my head. "Nope. Under control here."

I felt the flow slow...then stop...and grabbed several sheets of toilet paper.

Frowning, I dabbed at my sheath and the fur nearby, helping it to dry...then dropped the used paper in the bowl, easing myself back up.

Slowly, I tugged my panties back up, making sure the pad was lined up just right...then pulled my jeans back up...and flushed.

Then, I sighed.

Okay...I just used the women's room for the first time. No one saw me, no one died or got arrested...

I slid out of the stall and washed my paws in the sink...

...and glanced up at the mirror...

...and saw Essah smiling at me.

"Think we should go get some food," she said, watching me. "I know I could use something to eat."

I nodded, drying my paws with some paper towels.

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"So...that was your first time, huh?"

I looked up at Essah, who rested her muzzle on her paws.

I nodded. "Yeah...first time in the women's room."

"And you saw it was no big deal, right?" she asked.

I took a sip of my water.

"Actually...it was a big deal to me," I said...then paused as the waiter set our food down in front of us: a chicken sandwich for Essah...a bowl of tomato soup for me.

Essah looked at my side of the table...then up at me.

I shrugged.

"Not that hungry," I said simply. "Really haven't been since we started me on that liquid diet." I dipped the spoon in and sipped my soup.

Essah took a bite of her sandwich...swallowed it...then looked at me.

"Was it really a big deal?" she asked.

I took another sip of soup...and nodded.

"It's one of those big firsts in life," I said. "First steps...first day of school...first kiss...first time using the women's room..." I took another sip of soup. "Plus, I still have my male bits...so that made it a bigger deal."

Essah frowned a bit, brow furrowed.

"You were worried someone would see you?" she asked.

I nodded, taking a big sip of soup.

"And, if they had?"

"Probably would've gone ahead anyway," I said...then smirked. "I REALLY had to

go, after all."

Essah laughed...then took a large bite of her sandwich...

...then noticed I was looking past her.

"Wha'swong?" she asked, puzzled.

I pointed past her with my spoon...and she turned...

...and saw a couple at a far table, a male coyote and a female fennec, sitting together.

...

Essah watched...as the fennec pushed the coyote's paw away from her, a look of anger and irritation on her face...

...and saw the coyote smile...and put his paw right back where it was, namely on the fennec's thigh, inching toward its groin.

"Why do men do that?"

Essah turned back to the fox...and stared.

Tara's fur was bristling, her ears aimed forward.

"Why does he treat her like that?" the fox asked. "Such a lack of respect for her."

Essah blinked.

She...she's actually UPSET over that? she thought.

"I...really don't know," Essah replied, drawing the fox's gaze. "He could just be flirting with her...or it could be that he views her as his possession...I honestly don't know what makes men do what they do, hon."

Essah took a small nibble of her sandwich.

"I'm not a man."

She looked up...as the fox took a sip of its soup.

"I don't think I ever really was one," Tara said somberly.

Essah leaned forward...as the fox continued.

"I always treat everyone...male, female, whatever...with respect and dignity," the fox went on. "At least, till they proved they weren't worthy of it."

She took another sip of soup.

"I never viewed a girl as a possession or some trophy to be won," she went on.

"Think that bothered a few people I dated, but that's me."

The fox went back to its soup, falling silent...

...and Essah nodded silently...in respect.

...

The two watched as the two ladies ate their meal, then settled their check.

As they watched, the two ladies got up and headed back into the mall...

...and, as one, they got up, leaving the money for their check behind as they followed.

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(1:15 PM)

...

Essah felt a gentle tap on her arm...and looked back at Tara.

"I'm gonna go use the powder room," Tara said.
Essah chuckled. "Do you need me to come with you?"
Tara shook her head.

"All right. I'll be waiting here on the bench," Essah replied...
...then smiling as the red fox scampered off toward the women's room.
"She's growing up so fast," Essah said...then sighed.

...
The two watched as the red fox headed off to the restrooms.
They exchanged glances...and nodded.

...
I washed my paws after finishing up, stealing short glances at the other women in the bathroom.

God...I am so jealous of them, I thought.

I blotted my fur dry...then disposed of the paper towel...
...and stared at the wall.

There was a small vending machine there...with pads, tampons and even condoms there.

I rolled my eyes at the machine.

"No thank youuu," I said softly...then stepped outside...

...and was tugged away from the doorway by a paw that latched onto my left arm.

I stumbled and nearly fell...then looked up...

...at two males, one an orange-furred tiger, the other a dirty brown spotted hyena...both leering at me.

"Hello, miss" the hyena chirred, leering at me.

I swallowed, the hyena's tone making me feel dirty.

The tiger, who was holding me by the arm...gave my arm a sharp tug.

I stumbled a bit...then snapped out a kick, catching him squarely in the groin.

He grunted...and let go...

...and I scampered away, heading back toward the mall.

...
"ESSAH!"

The wolf-spideress's head shot up at the yell...and she looked around puzzled.

That...that sounded like...

She looked toward the bathroom...

...and saw Tara trip and fall.

That klutz, she thought...then froze.

Tara looked like she was terrified...

...and Essah stood up...and saw a brown paw grab onto the fox, pulling it back into the hallway.

"TARA!"

Essah charged into the mall patrons, shoving people out of the way as she ran toward the hallway.

Please let her be okay! Please!

She blew into the hallway, nearly bowling over two elderly women.

"How rude!" one of them, a grey lynx, chided.

Essah growled at her...then stalked down the hallway.

Okay...I saw her get dragged down here...

"Mrrf....grrrble..."

"Quit struggling! You're only gonna make this worse!"

Essah felt a snarl form on her muzzle...as she stalked down the hallway toward the access corridor...

...and kicked the door open.

Then, her blood began to boil.

Two men, a tiger and a hyena, had Tara trapped between them...and she was very scared.

The tiger noticed her...and slid behind Tara, holding a switchblade to her throat.

"Well, lookie here....seems the lesbian decided to join the fun," he said, pressing the flat of the knife against Tara's cheek and covering her muzzle.

Essah growled loudly, and stepped forward, paws clenched tightly.

"Let...her...**GO!**" Essah growled, closing in on them....

...then stopping as the tiger aimed the knife at Tara's eye.

"Oh, no...we haven't had our way with this little piece of tail yet," he said. The hyena giggled.

"See...we watched you two come in...and followed you all over the mall," the tiger said, caressing the fox's cheek with the blade.

"Yeah...and we decided to have a little...fun..." the hyena cackled ominously.

Essah's paws clenched tightly...then she smiled evilly.

They have no idea...

Essah created a ball of webbing in her right paw, palming it and blocking it from their view.

"All right then...let's have some fun," she said...

...and threw the ball of webbing at the tiger's face.

It splattered across his face, covering the right side of his face.

He screamed, clawing at his face...and dropping the blade.

Tara bolted, ramming a shoulder into the hyena's gut as he turned to look at his cohort.

The hyena staggered...and Tara squirted past...

...and Essah charged, slamming her fist into the side of the hyena's face.

Blood exploded from the hyena's jaw, a couple of teeth went flying...and the hyena smashed face-first into the ground.

He laid there...completely still, blood pooling under his face.

She turned her attention to the tiger, who was still clawing away the webbing...

...and stalked over to him, effortlessly hauling him up off the ground by his shirt collar...

...and turning his uncovered eye toward her.

"Now...are we having fun?" Essah asked, a snarl etched across her face.

He grabbed at her arm, trying to free himself from her grasp..

...only to be slammed back against the wall, knocked unconscious from the impact.

Essah let him go, the tiger's limp body sliding down the wall...

...then she heard sniffing...and turned around.

What she saw caused her heart to ache.

Tara was sitting on the ground, staring at both of the men...tears cascading down her face.

Slowly, Essah walked over to the fox...and held it gently.

It shook in her arms, body vibrating.

...

(ten minutes later)

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"Thank you both for your statements," the doberman said calmly as the other cops cuffed the tiger and the hyena.

Essah nodded. Tara just clung to her, still shaking.

"Are you sure either of them didn't..." the cop began.

Tara shook her head vigorously...then buried her face in Essah's side.

On reflex, Essah cradled the fox close, patting its back.

"They didn't get a chance," the wolf-spideress said. "She said they were about to when I came in."

The cop slowly nodded...then looked at Essah.

"She's lucky you were there," he said. "If you hadn't been, she likely would've been another statistic."

"What...what do you mean?" Essah asked.

The doberman jerked a thumb at the two men.

"Those two have been wanted for about six months now," he went on. "Serial rapists. Same MO too." He sighed. "Corner a girl in a public place...have their way with her, then..." He trailed off, holding up an evidence bag.

The bag containing the switchblade.

Essah stared...then squeezed the fox tighter.

She...she almost...I almost lost her...

"You two could get a big reward for this," the cop said.

"I just wanna go home."

Essah blinked, feeling Tara try to burrow deeper into her fur...and patted the fox's side.

"Okay, honey...we'll go home," Essah said...then looked at the cop. "Are we done?"

He nodded. "We have your contact information if we need any more statements."

Essah nodded...then slowly walked away, the fox clinging to her, sniffing.

"It's okay, Tara...it's okay," Essah said reassuringly...
...and feeling very relieved that was the case.

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(2:45 PM)

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Essah opened the door and eased the fox inside.

"Here we are," Essah said softly, closing the door...then looking at the fox.
Its clothes were rumpled...and its fur was a mess. Cheeks soaked, ears flat.
She walked over to the fox and held it close.

"It's okay...you're safe now," she said soothingly.

She felt the fox shake a bit.

"They....they were gonna..." she heard it say.

Essah nodded...then eased the fox's face up.

"They were...but you helped stop them," she said. "You broke free. You ran. You got help."

She gave the fox a gentle squeeze.

"You were very brave, Tara," she said softly.

...

I sank against her, still shaking...and still terrified.

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(6:00 PM)

...

I sat on the chair in the kitchen, clad solely in my corset, panties and heels...and eased the zipper up, giving access to my groin.

Essah pulled the milking apparati out of the drawer...then looked at me.

"Are you sure you want to do this? After all..." she trailed off.

Slowly, I nodded.

"I'm all cried out," I said. "Time to get on with life and try to get back to normal."

Essah smiled...and attached the cups to my breasts.

"You have a weird sense of normal, my dear," she said.

I chuckled, fuzzing her head.

"All thanks to you," I said...then rolled over onto my belly.

I felt her wiggle the plug...and emitted a low chirr of pleasure at the feeling.

"You do like that, don't you?" Essah whispered in my ear.

I nodded...then flashed back to earlier...

...and the two guys who tried to rape me...

...and the pleasure went away.

If they'd...it would've been their...in there...I thought...then shook my head.

No...chances are, they would've tried for my vagina first.

I sighed as Essah pulled the plug out.

And, when they found my sheath instead...

I swallowed and shook a bit...as Essah slid the prostate plug inside me.

"All set," she said, tapping my rear.

I slowly slid back into a seated position, head down.

"What's wrong?" Essah asked...and I felt her sit next to me.

"They...they were gonna kill me...after they..."had their fun"," I said softly. "That's what that cop said, right?"

Essah nodded. "That's right, but..."

"They did that to women," I went on...then looked up at her. "If they did that to a real woman...what would they have done to me?"

...

Essah stared back at the fox...and swallowed.

Good god...she's right. What would they have done?

Essah's mind immediately sprang to the image of Tara, lying there in the hallway...stabbed over a dozen times, face sliced, body almost torn to shreds...

...and shook her head, trying to jostle that image from her mind.

"I...I don't want to think about that, Tara," she replied. "They didn't do it. You're alive and they're in jail."

She rested her paw on top of Tara's, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"You're safe...and you're alive," Essah said, smiling warmly. "That's all that matters."

The fox sniffled...and nodded slightly...

...then gently hugged her.

"Thanks to you," the fox said, its voice muffled due to being pressed against her body.

Essah gently petted the fox's back...then eased it away, checking to make sure no tubes were tangled.

"Ready?" Essah asked.

The fox sighed...sat upright and proud, legs tucked under the chair...and nodded.

Essah pushed the buttons...and the fox winced as the pumps activated.

"Still hurts?" Essah asked.

The fox nodded. "The breast ones, definitely. The sheath...I barely feel that one." It looked at her. "But that prostate one? That hurts big time."

Essah nodded...and petted the fox's head.

"I know...but we need to get all that icky maleness out of you," she said, "so you can be a beautiful lady."

The fox smiled...then reclined on the counter.

"Hope it happens soon," it said. "After today...I'm sick of all men."

Essah leaned back on the counter, sliding an arm around the fox's shoulders.

"I don't blame you one bit, dear," she said softly.

...